THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

Volume LIV. SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 29, 1904 Number 39.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

O love of God, how strong and true!
Eternal, and yet ever new;
Uncomprehended and unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought!

O heavenly love, how precious still!
In days of weariness and ill,
In nights of pain and helplessness,
To heal, to comfort, and to bless!

O wide-embracing, wondrous love,
We read thee in the sky above;
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.

We read thee best in him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame,
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.

O love of God, our shield and stay
Through all the perils of our way;
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
Forever safe, forever blest.

—Horatius Bonar.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

THE OLDEST PAPER IN CALIFORNIA.

Published every Thursday at the Congregational Headquarters, Y. M. C. A. Building, San Francisco, by the PUBLISHING CO. OF THE PACIFIC
W. W. Ferrier, Editor and Manager.

TERMS:

Per Year, in Advance, - - - $2.00
To Foreign Countries in Postal Union 3.00

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

DISCONTINUANCES.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

PLEASE look at the figures printed each week on the label. They give the date to which your Subscription is paid.

SUGAR
50 lbs. $1.00

Get acquainted with our Quality Groceries by ordering Combination No. 50. Send $3.60; we pay the express or freight.

50 lbs. best Granulated Cane Sugar, white and dry.....$1.00
18 lbs. new fancy head Table Rice, very best..... 1.00
10 lb. pail pure Leaf Lard, Rex or Swift..... 1.10
5 lbs. fancy English Breakfast Spider Leg or Ceylon Tea..... 2.50
5 lbs. Mocha and Java Coffee, roast or ground, none better.. 1.50
5 lbs. pure Baking Powder, Eastern "Cream"..... 1.50
$3.60

Everything guaranteed—Money back. Trial sample of any item mailed free. We are the largest Mail Order House on the Pacific Coast.

SMITHS' CASH STORE, Inc.
25 Market Street, SAN FRANCISCO
Please mention this paper when ordering.

FRED WILSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

Fifteen per cent discount to Clergymen.

610 MONTGOMERY STREET;
N. E. Cor. Merchant St.
SAN FRANCISCO, - - CAL

BLYMYER CHURCH BELLS.
UNLIKE OTHER BELLS SWEETER, MORE DURABLE, LOWER PRICE. OUR FREE CATALOGUE TELLS WHY.
Write to Cincinnati Bell Foundry Co., Cincinnati, O.

SAN FRANCISCO LAUNDRY
Office, 131 Ellis St.

TELEPHONE, 5125.

S. F. BUFFORD, Manager.

SCHOOLS.

POMONA COLLEGE,
CLAREMONT CAL.
GEORGE A. GATES, D.D., LL.D., President

A Christian College for young men and women. Classical, Literary and Scientific courses. Schools of Music, Art and Design. Preparatory School fits for any college. Gives a complete college training.

Address for catalogue, etc.
PROF E. C. NORTON Ph. D. Dean.

Pacific
Theological Seminary
LOCATED AT BERKELEY
Seat of University.

Curriculum remodeled to present-day demands; includes valuable University advantages. Advanced Semitics. Teaching positive and constructive. Special facilities in English Language and Literature, History, Apologetics, Sociology and Practical Work. Classical, English and Special Courses offered. Open to qualified students of any Christian Church; to women as well as men. Location and climate unexcelled. Address President
REV J. K. McLEAN, D. D.
Berkeley, Cal.

Blake, Moffit & Towne
DEALERS IN
PAPER
55, 57, 59, 61 First Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Telephone Main 199.
146 and 148 N. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles Cal.

Cable Address:
FOSTER CO., SAN FRANCISCO

S. FOSTER & CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERS
IMPORTERS and EXPORTERS.

Special attention to packing.
Purveyors to United States Government.
A. B. C. F. M., A. M. A., etc., etc.

Railroad Supplies,
Mill and Mining Supplies,
Hotel and Ranch Supplies,
Alaska Supplies.

26-28 CALIFORNIA ST.
San Francisco.

Mail Orders solicited.
Catalogues on Application

Farragut's Long Wait for Fame.

Captain Alfred T. Mahan's very interesting account of "The Youth of Admiral Farragut," contributed to the Youth's Companion, offers encouragement to those whose opportunities are not equal to their ambition and merit. "It is characteristic of Farragut's naval career," says he, "that its two most interesting passages are at the beginning, from 1812 to 1814, and at the end, 1864." He saw his first hard fight as a midshipman of twelve, when the Essex engaged the Phoebe off the coast of Chile in 1813, and it was not until entering Mobile Bay, when he was sixty-three, that he again saw a fight nearly as hard. "The intervening half century possesses few noteworthy and no striking events. Considering how great was his final success and his well-earned renown, young people may learn from this always to work on, and never to lose hope."

Humility is perfect quietness of heart. It is, to have no trouble. It is, never to be fretted, or irritated, or sore, or disappointed. It is, to expect nothing, to wonder at nothing that is done to me, to feel nothing done against me. It is, to be at rest when nobody praises me, and when I am blamed or despised. It is, to have a blessed home in myself where I can go in and shut the door, and kneel to my Father in secret and be at peace, as in a deep sea of calmness when all around and above is troubled.—Anonymous. Found in an Eastern Church.

When you have tried to do well, and people spoke ill of it, you probably did better than you supposed.

Golden Gate Undertaking Co.
G. P. Prechtel G. W. Keeler L. M. Snook
2475-2483 Mission Street
Telephone Mission 102
C. H. Ashley
H. S. McCurdy Mrs. S. E. Gould
Assistants

A Good Meal Without Meat.
VEGETARIAN CAFE.
755 Market St., San Francisco. Telephone Main 5378
OAKLAND BRANCH, 46 San Pablo Ave.
St Helena & Battle Creek Sanitarium Food

THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, September 29, 1904

SERVICE.

No service in itself is small,
None great, though earth it fill;
But that is small that seeks its own,
And great that seeks God's will."

Read the list of men and women held in high honor to-day the world over, and it will be found that without exception they have been persons who gave more thought to the things of others than to the things of self—whose mission in life was to serve. It is service, and service only, that crowns. The Apostle Paul said of Jesus: "Wherefore God hath highly exalted him, and hath given him the name which is above every name." The word "wherefore" links itself with the words, "He emptied himself and took upon him the form of a servant." The reason for his high exaltation was that his service was a lofty one. It is not otherwise in any life. Only they who serve wear the crown. Washington and Lincoln stand first in the estimation of the American people, because in service they were first. It was when Ben Adhem said, "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men," that his name led all the rest.

"When he died the little children cried in the streets." Such in part is the literal expression in an official report made after the death of William of Orange, the founder of the Dutch Republic. The whole expression was: "As long as he lived, he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died, the little children cried in the streets." Motley says that when he was entombed on the third of August, 1584, at Delft, it was amid the tears of a whole nation, and that "never was a more extensive, unaffected, and legitimate sorrow felt at the death of any human being." The reason for this manifestation of sorrow it is easy to find. It was because the life of William of Orange was one of service. His was a lofty patriotism. Motley says: "From the time when a hostage in France, he first discovered the plan of Philip to plant the Inquisition in the Netherlands up to the last moment of his life, he never faltered in his determination to resist the iniquitous scheme. This resistance was the labor of his life. To exclude the Inquisition, to maintain the ancient liberties of his country, was the task to which he appointed himself when a youth of three and twenty." This task he accomplished through dangers and toil and sacrifice such as few persons have ever made for their country. A prince of high rank and of great wealth, he made himself practically a beggar that the banner of liberty might be upheld. His last words were, when stricken down by the bullet of an assassin, "God pity this poor people!" In the career of William of Orange there was not a little that reminds of some things in the career of George Washington, whose patriotism and disinterestedness laid the foundations of the American Republic. At the close of our great struggle for independence, men of influence went to Washington proposing that a monarchy be set up in America, and that he be crowned as king. The suggestion of such a thing grieved Washington greatly, and with tears in his eyes he asked the men who proposed it if they really thought that it was for such a thing as that that he had encountered the perils and endured the hardships and made the sacrifices of those long years of war. History shows that the most tempting offers were made to William of Orange to win him from the task to which at an early age he had dedicated himself. He not only refused all these, but he declined also the sovereignty of the provinces for which he had struggled, accepting finally, when he could no longer refuse, the limited constitutional rule over two of them. Truly, William of Orange lived and died, not for himself, but for his country, and the world crowns him yet to-day, and will continue to crown him while time shall last.

When Verbeck of Japan lay "dead in his harness," all the land of the Mikado paid him tribute. Titled statesmen and nobles assembled to do him honor, and the soldiers of the nation escorted his body to the tomb. The emperor paid the expenses of the funeral, and Japanese pupils, friends, and admirers reared a granite shaft over his grave. Years before this he was decorated by the emperor, receiving the decoration of the third class of the Order of the Rising Sun. Why? Because Verbeck gave to Japan his best endeavor, and by his labors had contributed largely toward that which gave promise of making her a nation of exalted rank among the great nations of the world. William Elliott Griffis, his biographer, says of him: him: "For nearly forty years he gave the best powers of his mind and body for the making of the new State which we behold to-day and the Christian nation we see coming. He was a destroyer of the old hermit system, in which barbarism, paganism, cruelty, intolerance, ignorance, sensualism, and all things detestable can riot. He was one of the beginners of a better time, working for liberty of conscience, for brotherhood, and for the making of that new man in Christ Jesus which is yet to dominate the earth."

The Religious World.

Statistics show that in the united and central provinces in India the number of Christians has trebled during the last ten years. The statistics for 1901 gave about two and one-half million Christians in India. Thirty years ago there were only about half that number. The Madras presidency furnishes 1,890,000 of the number of Christians enumerated in 1901; Bombay, 181,000; Bengal, 228,000; Burmah, 129,000.

Writing concerning the movement for union between the Congregationalists, the Methodist Protestants and the United Brethren, Bishop Mills, of the United Brethren Church, says information from many sources leads him to believe that a working federation of the three churches will be arranged. He says that there will be a representative council to plan, not to legislate, for the federated churches; that each church will, for the time at least, retain its present name, creed, polity, property, and everything distinctive. This plan, Bishop Mills says, will give a cooperative relation of the churches like that of the States, each in many ways distinctive and yet all cooperating for the common good of each and the growth of Christ's kingdom.

The Bishop of Worcester has expressed himself nobly in the London Times on the Scottish church case. We quote: "If our present law renders such a decision inevitable, the interests of religion and freedom ought to lead to the law being altered. What I mean by the interests of religion and freedom is this: I cannot doubt that the nation, as a whole, ought to be solicitous to allow to every religious community the reasonable liberty of growth. But, the standards of most religious communities being as imperfect as they are, growth will mean considerable change in opinion, and ought to mean, in due course (if standards are to express real convictions), change in authoritative standards and constitutions. That churches should be tied by a law of trusts never to vary their convictions as expressed in formulas or constitutional methods, except at the risk of losing legal continuity and the corporate property which goes with such continuity, seems to me to be a state of things which every lover of truth or freedom ought to shrink from."

The lives of many of the men who go from this and other Christian lands to the Orient are one of the greatest hindrances to the spread of the gospel. Robert E. Lewis, who is in the Young Men's Christian Association work in China, said, in a recent address at Northfield: "I used to think, in traveling on the Pacific coast of America, that we were the greatest money lovers of any people. It seemed as though people in the trains and hotels and everywhere talked money, price, profits—nothing but money. But in the Orient you find the man who is controlled, body and soul, by the money passion, and you see what this does for him. It gives him fictitious values upon life—what it is to live; upon happiness; upon usefulness; upon his own body; upon his own soul. Take another circumstance surrounding young men in Oriental commercial cities which may be interesting for us to note in passing. We find a large and increasing class of men who have no religion. Now, that is a very ominous circumstance in the Orient. I believe I would rather have a devout heathen, though he bows to idols, than to have a rampant atheist who has no God. We have an increasing number of those fellows who go about doing a great deal of damage to young men and to moral life."

From some of the trying experiences of life often come great blessings. Paul chained to the soldiers in Rome, laid far and wide the foundations of the Christian church. Bunyan, a prisoner in Bedford jail, made his preparation for Pilgrim's Progress. And now the Rev. Dr. R. F. Horton, of England, having been laid aside from work for a time by a failure of sight, has brought out a manual of devotion, entitled "The Open Secret," which, English papers say, is destined to become one of the classics of devotional literature. In the introduction to the book, Dr. Horton says: "I should feel myself wanting in fidelity if I did not acknowledge the Lord's strange dealings with me. Suddenly, in the midst of a crowded and busy life, I was arrested by a failure in my sight; without a moment's warning all the machinery stood still, and I was condemned to a period of inactivity, forbidden to speak in public, to do pastoral work, and even to read or write. When the first stound of the blow was over I began to ask whether God had in it some design, and gradually the conviction was impressed upon my mind that he had, and that the design primarily was to set me in such conditions as would make the preparation of this book possible. The selection of those conditions was so remarkable and unforeseen that I could hardly have been more clearly directed if I had heard a voice from heaven saying, 'Write.'"

While the Archbishop of Canterbury is sojourning in this country, it is interesting to note what one of our London cotemporaries, a non-conformist paper, has to say concerning him and his visit. The London Examiner says that the visit is an event of considerable importance and that it demands more notice than a mere interchange of courtesies between two sister churches. The Examiner says further: "It marks the growth of new and friendly relations between these two great branches of the Anglican church, and it will give the opportunity to each of them to learn something from the other in view of the great social and religious problems by which they are alike faced. But, apart from this, the visit of an Anglican Archbishop to America is an event full of great possibilities. No observant Englishman can cross the Atlantic without becoming conscious of the wider and freer religious atmosphere which exists on the other side. The religious life of the United States is emphatically the creation of the churches which, on this side of the water, we are accustomed to call free; and much of what is best in that life is due to the absence of anything like an Establishment. It is much to be desired, therefore, that the Archbishop should not confine his observations to the close preserves of the American Episcopal church, but that he should look outside its borders and realize the possibilities of church life and work in a land that knows nothing of State control in spiritual things. Dr. Davidson is a shrewd and statesmanlike man, and cannot be altogether unaware of the ecclesiastical signs of the times. He might confer an immense benefit on his own church and on the Free Churches if he would learn from America some of those great lessons of religious liberty and charity which she has

to teach. The narrow and intolerant spirit of the dominant Anglicanism in this country is not only a canker in our religious life, but a grave hindrance to the progress and well-being of the Established Church. It is just as unnecessary, and even as mischievous, as the Establishment itself, and anything which would convince Anglicans of the fact would be a blessing, indeed." A trip here and there in the United States ought to have the result of broadening the Archbishop, and we can but hope with the Examiner that it will so result.

CONGREGATIONAL DAY AT PALO ALTO AND STANFORD.

The Congregational Fellowship Meeting at Palo Alto on Monday of this week was a success. About two hundred persons were in attendance from the churches around the bay and in the Santa Clara valley. Carriages met the visitors at the depot and they were taken to a fine organ recital in the Memorial chapel and then given a ride about the university grounds and around town. The growth of Palo Alto during the last few years was a surprise to those who had not been there for some time. The thought in general was in effect that there was a good and useful future before the Palo Alto churches not only in ministering to the towns-people already there and all the time coming but also in looking after the religious interests of the students in the great university.

Dr. Baldwin, in his statement as to what the Congregational church was doing and desired to do, said that there were in the university not less than 200 young men and young women from Congregational families; that 42 from Congregational homes had registered for the first time this year.

The need, he said, is for a church building costing a little more than $12,000 with the furnishings, to be built on a lot costing $2,700, making a total of $15,000. It was stated that $7,000 had been pledged in Palo Alto, that $2,000 had been promised by the Congregational Church Building Society and that about $1,300 had been subscribed by friends in other churches in California. It was stated also that an effort was being made through Dean Sanders of Yale and others acquainted with the situation to induce the Building Society to make a grant of $5,000 instead of $2,000. And later it was voted as the unanimous sense of the meeting that such an amount of money could not be used to better advantage than in Palo Alto and this representative assembly united with the other petitioners in urging that a grant of that amount be made.

It was gratifying to the Palo Alto people and to other friends of the enterprise from the beginning to hear Drs. Adams of San Francisco and Brown of Oakland, who had been slow to approve when the work was inaugurated, say that the outcome had been such as to justify it and that now the Congregational fellowship ought to rally heartily to its support.

The Rev. E. S. Williams of Saratoga, who had driven eighteen miles to attend the meeting, seeing in what way the tide was setting after remarks by several, made a cheery speech in which he voiced the feeling of all when he said: "Palo Alto will have its church." Mr. Williams thanked God for Stanford's millions, but with emphasis did he thank God for such lives of service as such veterans as Drs. Willey and Pond and Chaplain Rowell had lived in California.

Mr. C. W. Janes, the San Jose Y. M. C. A. secretary, spoke of the influence Dr. Baldwin had always had with young men and what a splendid work he always did among them.

Remarks were made by Prof. Show of the university and by Revs. R. C. Brooks and F. H. Maar of Oakland and J. H. Kimball of San Mateo—all firmly of the opinion that the Congregational fellowship hereabouts ought to stand to the support of this important work and see the church properly equipped for the work opening up before it.

At this juncture the busy editor had to leave for San Francisco; but not until it had been moved that a committee of five be appointed to take up this matter and push to completion the canvass for subscriptions. The Rev. Dr. J. K. McLean was named as chairman of the committee and Rev. E. S. Williams as the second person, and they were asked to select the other three.

We have no doubt that from many of those who remained for a later train there were expressions of approval of what has been done by the church at Palo Alto and is now being done to place it where it can work effectually for the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom.

The editor met one lady who said that she supposed she ought to take The Pacific; but when asked to allow her name to be placed on the subscription list, she said, "Not now; we are putting into the church all that we can spare." It is a mistake that not a few of our people make. For more than fifty years The Pacific has labored to make possible such a fellowship meeting as that of last Monday at Palo Alto. It has been the best and strongest link in Congregational fellowship; it has kept the churches in touch and sympathy as nothing else has or could; it has advocated every interest and enterprise that needed and deserved advocacy, and yet with not a few persons it is placed low down on the list of those things which deserve attention and maintenance. And this, notwithstanding the fact that it is regarded generally as an interesting and readable paper; certainly indispensable in the effectual working of Congregationalism on the Pacific coast.

The Bystander.

Wayside Notes.

The Bystander is not a literary sentimentalist, but he does enjoy, now and then, following the path of some man whose books he has read. The other day he drove along a beautiful country road near the mouth of the Thames. Orchards were reddening in the autumn sun, and the hop-pickers were in the fields. He stopped at an old church surrounded with graves. Here little David Copperfield rested on his way to Dover. It was the land of Dickens. The Bystander went on to Rochester, where there is an old castle, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar," of the Norman period. The Norman arch—; how like a poem it is! We never tire of it. The cathedral, part Norman and part later English, is much like every other cathedral. One thing interested the Bystander, however—the flowers in the Fody Chapel, flowers which had been brought to the funeral obsequies of the late Dean Hole. He lived near by among his roses and his friends, and now has gone. Many times he preached eloquently in the old Rochester cathedral.

The Bull.

It is a contrast, going from the cathedral to the Bull Tavern. It is old-fashioned, quaint, and historical. They show you a room upstairs where Queen Victoria once spent a night. But it is chiefly associated with Charles Dickens, who used to dine in this tavern. He lived at Gods Hill—passed on the way to Rochester. After luncheon at the tavern, the Bystander drove to Cobham. This is the home of the Pickwickians. Here is another inn, known as "The Leather Bottle." It is filled with interesting curios and pictures, all relating to the Pickwick Club and Dickens. Indeed, the landlord is not unlike the famous gentleman immortalized by the author. The Bystander was given the Dickens chair when he had his afternoon tea and marmalade, and it was all an interesting experience.

A Strange Custom.

In Rochester an old house was pointed out which has a peculiar history. Three hundred years ago a man named Watts left provision in his will for the poor. It requires that every night six beggars or homeless men, are to be sheltered under this roof. They are to be given bread and tea, a pipe of tobacco, and a bath and bed. The next morning four pence are given them and of what may be left over of the evening meal. It is said that for three hundred years six men have applied for and received the benefits of Mr. Watts' strange hospitality.

The Bystander in a Gown.

The Bystander has spent some delightful Sundays in London, and has preached in some historical churches. The church at Islington, known as Union Chapel, is associated with the name of Dr. Allon. This church has one of the finest auditoriums of any Congregational church in the world. It is magnificent, and over three thousand people have crowded into it. Over one of the doors leading to the pulpit is a bit of Plymouth Rock.

Paddington chapel is one of the most active and successful churches in London.

The Bystander started out to say a rather personal word, which he hopes may be pardoned by his readers. In Union Chapel there are three different hymnays, but in Weigh House there are four pulpits. Our fathers resisted the elaborate ceremonialism of the Church of England, but what would they say about the order of service at Weigh House as provided by its late pastor, Dr. John Hunter. It is necessary for the strange minister to rehearse this service. He must wear a very elegant silk gown, for if the sexton wears one, why not the minister? The choir of boys are robed, and the chancel, furnished in pure marble, is adopted to a liturgical service. The service is printed, and with its musical responses, prayers, chants, canticles, psalms, commandments, and other things, is very elaborate. There is an altar behind which the minister concludes the service. It is safe to say that the Bystander felt himself to be distinctly out of place. Any man who preaches in this fashionable church has the Bystander's sympathy.

Church Music.

Speaking of music reminds the Bystander that the singing in the London churches is all that could be desired. It is simple, congregational, and hearty. There are no performances by the choir. The soloist is relegated to the background, and there is probably not one quartette in all England. On the other hand, the singing is led by a choir, often of trained boys, and the people are drilled in singing and chanting. Every American visitor must be impressed with the power of English church music. In none of the churches the Bystander visited did he hear a solo or a choir selection, except the City Temple. The anthems are announced, and the people unite in the singing. For the most part, the hymns, which are good, solid, sensible hymns, are never cut in two, but all the stanzas are sung. Comparisons are sometimes impertinent, but surely the American churches may learn many lessons from London churches about church music.

The people go to church on time. When the minister enters the pulpit, his congregation is waiting for him. They follow the reading of the lessons. This, by the way, is often done by one of the church officers, who usually makes the announcements. Tardiness is a breach of church etiquette. In London, people do not go to church to talk, but to worship. The art of being silent is cultivated. The people bow in prayer or kneel, and leave the pew when the minister leaves the pulpit. The devotional service is characterized by simplicity and reverence. This mood is assisted, too, by the architecture of the churches—a thing which has much to do with the devotional life of a congregation.

Mansfield College.

After walking around the historic quadrangles of Oxford the other day, the Bystander inquired his way to Mansfield College, which is our Congregational theological seminary in England. Certainly American visitors are delighted to see such an institution at Oxford. It was founded in 1866, and is not a college, strictly speaking, but a divinity school for college graduates. The entrance gateway is surrounded by a square tower with oriel window. The chapel is not after the manner of our plain New England meeting house, but in harmony with the other college churches of Oxford.

The Bystander was interested in the martyr's memorial—that which bears witness of the sacrifice of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, and which stands near the spot upon which they were offered up in the name of truth. It does one good thus to stand upon holy ground, which recalls the price paid for the benefit of liberty-loving people in England and the United States.

Paternoster Row.

The Bystander has made Paternoster Row one of his London haunts. Here he finds a most congenial community of publishers, book sellers and fascinating literary shops. The British Weekly is published here, and Hodder and Stonghton and other publishing houses are found in this lane of letters, with its "Amen Corner" at one end. He has often heard rather fabulous-sounding tales about the sales of Spurgeons sermons, and made his way to the publishers the other day, in order to verify some of these stories. Passmore & Alabaster, 4 Paternoster Building, have sole charge of the literary effects of the great preacher. They publish nothing else, in fact, their presses are kept running constantly turning out new Spurgeon sermons. A pile of this week's sermon lay on the counter. "We have sold seven or eight thousand of these to-day," said one of the firm. "You see," he added, "Spurgeon preached three times every week, and the sermons were taken down by a stenographer, and we have several hundred

which have never been published, and we issue a new one every week." Then he showed me an original pulpit sermon sketch. When the Bystander wished to keep it, he smiled and said, "That is invaluable." From this shop Spurgeon's sermons have been sent everywhere. Over 2,800 have been printed during the last 2,800 weeks. Upstairs are 2,000,000 copies. The number of sermons sold since 1855 exceeds the number of Bibles circulated since the beginning of the century. They would make a paper pathway round the world six feet wide, and the paper on which they are printed would weigh 6,300 tons. "It would take six centuries to read through all the printed Spurgeon sermons." People who think religion is losing ground and the pulpit is a decreasing force should pin these facts in their hat. Every Thursday morning, when the sermons are published, the customers arrive, even before the doors are opened. "Who reads them?" inquired Bystander. "All classes of people, the ignorant and the learned. I have just sold the fifty volumes to a theological student in Chicago. Rectors of the Church of England use them in their pulpit work. All the churches meet in the letter-box at the sermon shop. High churchman and low Romanist and evangelicals pass their pennies over the counter." The Bystander went away with an answer to the question, "Has the pulpit lost its power?"

Acorns From Three Oaks.

A Great Rain.

The Eastern people who dream of this as a land of perpetual sunshine would have had a wet waking up had they been touring in this valley the last three days. The Sirs Knights Templars (that is the way they prefer to spell their names, with an "s" on each end) could have been cool enough had they delayed their visit. They who dream of sitting in the shade while fruit cures itself would marvel at the detail of care which the curing of fruit involves. The inch of rain ten days ago in the height of the season did thousands of dollars of damage. I cannot figure the loss by this downpour. Unless the sun shine and the winds blow this crop of 1904 will not only be cut down in price but cut down in amount. A Christian needs grit and grace to meet the conditions of fruit-ranch life in this most delightful of valleys. Where does God ever put men that they do not need increments of heavenly courage? If one's harvest be safely garnered it calls a sympathy to see others sweat, to know that to the falling prices is superadded the moulding and rotting of the last hundreds or thousands of trays one's neighbors have laboriously picked, dipped and faithfully sought to prepare for market. And then to hear from the foothills brave souls call without a quaver in the voice, "Our table grapes are ruined," meaning not their own family supply of fruit, but the choice invoice the merchants of Seattle have learned to order for select customers. This pencil was touched with a tear last week, which has touched the heart ever since, but not a note shall sound from it in discontent of the plans of God. The God who rains is the God who reigns. The rain has quenched forest fires and given supervisors and legislators time to provide against their repetition. It has cooled the heated air, washed the smoke and soot from the atmosphere, laid the dust, cleaned up "Nature's grimy face" wonderfully. President Fuller's pistache trees, types of many choice little trees which new home-makers have planted all over our commonwealth, are now sure to live. The birds are not driven to the abalone shells your thoughtfulness fills for them, but may drink from swinging leafy cups. Uncounted thousands of sheep will bleat their thankfulness at early verdure on the hills and the herds of cattle will low in gratitude that grass starts rich and rank in the valleys. The ploughs will start early and there is promise of bread for man and barley for beasts. God has made no mistake in the weather. We need no Lick telescope to discern his purposes of mercy. Golden poppies and tender blades of grass declare it.

A True Seal Story.

Ringling Brothers' great menagerie and athletic combination has been about here making multitudes forget for hilarious hours the low price of prunes. I did not go but many saints did. A certain little Sunday-school girl forgot to ask me. So I wait until next year for advanced lessons in natural history, being thankful meanwhile that in my boyhood life I knew that great temperance man and genuine animal lover, P. T. Barnum. From all the discussions of animal lore I gather this consensus of opinion that the elephant rank first in intelligence, the seal second, the horse third, and the dog fourth. Not here and now will I dogmatize about it, but I could make an argument for the dog. But here is the seal story. Mr. Winston, well and favorably known in Pacific Grove, catches young seals, trains them, and sells them to traveling showmen. Not long ago he sold all his seals but one. Thinking it would not pay him to winter that one he took it down at night to give it liberty, putting it into the sea at Lover's Point, near the bath-house. In the morning the pretty creature was found on Mr. Winston's porch, a third of a mile from the sea. He must be a very kind man to win seals' hearts. If I am ever invited to dear Mayflower church again I'll see the seal school and tell Pacific boys and girls about it.

A TRIP TO WASHINGTON CITY.

G. H. Lee.

At noon our train left Cincinnati, over the beautiful Chesapeake and Ohio R. R. It was Friday. The next morning, at seven o'clock, we were in Washington City, under the shadow of the great dome of the Capitol building, and near the beauties of the Botanical Garden.

Such mountain scenery as we came through in Virginia's western portion, was a revelation to some of us even, who thought we knew something of what mountain scenery looked like.

Great gorges, precipitous peaks, deep cuts and canyons, rushing and roaring streams, and all the other features so familiar to the tourist in the far West. And as the engine puffed and pulled the train up the toilsome grades, and then rushed down upon the Atlantic side, we felt again what wonderful works of God we live among, and how wonderful are the works of man, too, at least in making easy such great mountain crossings ; no more labor here to us than sitting in a rocking chair at home.

The Capitol City is at its beauty in September, when the nights and days begin to be a little cooler. It is a great city, of more than two hundred thousand population. Innumerable attractions and sights await the traveler.

We climbed the Washington monument step by

step, some five hundred feet up into the air, and when we had arrived at the top platform where we could look out of the little port-hole windows, there were still fifty-five and a half feet above our heads, and so wonderfully buttressed and built inside that it seemed as if it must be even stronger than the solid rock. It took us half an hour to walk up; but only five minutes to descend in the elevator. We walked up so as to have time to see and study, in passing, the stones that have been given by the various States, many of which are artistically engraved and pictured.

The view from the top is most beautiful. Over the Potomac and the Anacostia rivers, over all the expanse of the city and the country about, the sight was one of melting loveliness and glory, and our hearts ascended in gratitude to God for such a land as ours, as well as for this chance to look down upon its fair Capitol.

The next day was the Sabbath. It was a pleasure and honor to preach in that old and strong church, the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, sometimes called "The Presidents' Church," because so many of the Presidents have worshipped there. There, in the center isle, amid the fine oak pews, is one, not as large as the rest, and not of wood-color like the rest, but dark, and unlike those about it. Approaching it, we see upon a silver plate these words: "Abraham Lincoln. 1861 - 1866." For it was here that the beloved martyr President worshipped, and here he is lovingly remembered.

But one of the most interesting things about the great city, we found that Sabbath afternoon, in the "Central Union Mission," a great city-mission enterprise, occupying a six-story brick building of its own, supported by the evangelical churches of the city, and controlling a "Gospel Wagon," which is a marvel to behold. It must have cost hundreds of consecrated dollars. It is large enough to seat some twenty-five workers; also the organ, and violinist, and cornetist, and base drum player besides. A part of the side of the wagon lets down, being supported by iron rods, and makes a very pleasant platform. We all were soon aboard and driven a mile or more from the Mission house. On finding the desired location, we began to sing, and soon were surrounded by some three hundred and fifty men, women and children, who stood for more than an hour listening to the gospel songs, and testimonies, and preaching. They were perfectly orderly, and, indeed, deeply interested, as appeared markedly in some of them occasionally. At the close of our service there, Mr. Wheeler, the leader, asked all who desired to begin the better life to come forward and take him by the hand. A large number did so, among whom I have no doubt were many in whom the Savior's work was really begun that afternoon.

After supper at the Mission house, the workers again went to the wagon and took a position upon a corner near the Mission, where for over an hour men and women stood by the hundreds listening respectfully to the words of Life, and finally accepting the invitation to the eight o'clock service in the Mission Auditorium, a room large enough to seat some eight or ten hundred.

From eight to ten o'clock that meeting went along, full of life and animation, but true to the Spirit and Word of the Master. Touching testimonies of the Master's love and power to save were given; earnest words of proclamation and invitation followed; and quite a number came forward to seek the Savior's mercy, and to find, according to his precious promise. O that every city of our land had such a work in its midst, and so well cared for by the churches.

The imposing Capitol building is full of interest at every step. Its celebrated $30,000 bronze door, nineteen feet high and nine feet wide, weighing 20,000 pounds, with its nine beautiful pictured panels, first arrests attention at the main entrance. The Rotunda, with its eight oil paintings of historic interest and scenes, four of which were the result of thirty years of study and work on the part of Washington's aid-de-camp, Colonel John Trumbull, gives the observer pause for a long time, and fills him with admiration.

Standing under the lofty dome reaching heavenward its more than three hundred feet, and seeming wide enough to be a large sized building in itself, one feels a sense of awe at the greatness of man's works, especially amid all the beautiful decorations with which art has embellished this crown of the great edifice. But all the parts of that great Capitol building seemed filled with interest, and, naturally, the Senate Chamber and the Hall of Representatives, whence so great influences for the nation's weal or woe go forth.

But it is useless to tell of all the points of interest that appeal to the heart of the visitor. Washington appears to be a beautiful and great modern city, of which all her people may be proud, and the nation, too. Vice and corruption are there restrained by the strong hand of the city's peculiar political management, and, in this respect, as well as others, the city seems to be an excellent model for the other great cities of the nation.

Cincinnati, O.

A JOURNEY EASTWARD.

W. W. Lovejoy.

A trip East after some years' exile in our beloved State furnishes points of comparison between ultra-montane and cis-montane (are not the Rockies the continental backbone?) sections. East of Cheyenne we came into sultry weather, by which we knew our sky had changed, and our spirit as well—contrary to the old proverb.

The sky and wind one contrasts with the same in California. With us all the long pitiless days of summer the earth waits on an unregarding sky. Sky and earth are of stranger moods, and the spirits of the powers of the air are churlish and respond grudgingly to the cry of the leaves and the brave garniture of hillside and valley. Here the sky seems to brood the earth, responsive and sympathetic towards its moods—though it also has some of its own, and cares with varied experiment for its needs. Here the wind verily bloweth where it listeth, and calleth, now this way, now that, as Job said of it in his day, and thus man's life is never monotonous, but full of suggestion and enterprise. Surely the American temperament and the American climate are related.

We reached Omaha two hours later, by which we missed connection with a night train over the Wabash. A night there took me back thirty-five years to my previous visit. There are many, doubtless, who recall how we were ferried across the river from Council Bluffs to the opposite bluff, to a small, straggling, mostly-wooden town with a sprawling name—Omaha. Dingy busses took us to a hotel, which was hardly

first-class in any sense. Now, a city of 100,000 stands, well-built, with all the modern appliances widely found, and instead of dirt roads and mud, well-paved streets, and a busy complex human life, energetic and purposeful, where formerly people seemed to be vaguely waiting to learn what was next best to be done.

Man is surely now conquering the earth and harnessing nature's forces; and in all this human movement, with all its by-play and overflow of passion and sorrow, in all the wreck and welter, the Spirit of God works his tireless work, and the things of sense are seen to be but the bearers and handmaids to the wealth of the Spirit. Yes, nothing is lost in this turmoil. Correlation and conservation obtain here also.

At the handsome union station, as we left this forenoon, was seen the usual ever-interesting panorama of the world that travels; people of all sorts and conditions, mostly well-to-do in appearances; the gayly dressed and youthful, with dress-suit cases, on pleasure bent, jostled the humble with valises of an early pattern. In groups they were, these last, and evidently traveling for ends economic and practical. A woman is passing doughnuts from a lard pail (and esthetically they belong together) to the children, large and small, about her. Yonder is a family of albinos, mope-eyed and peering. God's world, how varied; his ends, how large! his presence in his world, how universal! how solicitous and sure his purposes! The newboys' cry in intonation and cadence is not a little musical. Of "papers" they seem to make their note, unconsciously blend with the universal harmony, heard always above the discord, and their cry is one of God's "voices," which are many. They and the less numerous bootblacks—how pushing they are! How well they fit themselves! They have caught Time's secret—to the world of struggle and endeavor, of toil and travail, which ends only with the manifestation of the son's of God.

It is a delightful journey over the Wabash to St. Louis, this part of Iowa and Missouri. Bits of scenery are New England all over. In Iowa an occasional house and grounds speak to the senses in the language of our holiest thoughts as they are enshrined in memory. Why a square white house with door in middle, two windows on either side and green shutters, with "back buildings," not to the back, but to one side, and elms for shade, should move us,—unless it be we do indeed "come trailing clouds of glory, from God, who is our home." How lovely are the varied grasses and the many little ponds with mud-turtles and white lilies and possible perch and pickerel in their quiet depths!

St. Louis recalls Philadelphia closely,—with bits of the South and the West pricked in over the general pattern. After the quiet of Oakland, the crowds and the fair seem a bedlam, a huge intoxication, bewildering to the senses and a puzzle to the sober mind that would take life rationally,—but moreanon.

The ages of distinguished Japanese military and civil authorities: The two Japanese field marshals, Marquis Yamagata and Marquis Oyama, are 66 and 65 years old, respectively; General Nodzu is 63; General Kuroki is 60; Viscount Sakuma is 59; Baron Yamaguchi is 58; Baron Nishi and General Oku are 58; Count Katsura, the Premier of the empire, is 57. The Emperor Mutsuhito, who has been on the throne 37 years, is 51 years old.

WORK AMONG THE CHINESE.

Mrs. E. M. Findley.

[An address given on the Southern California Missionary Rally Day at Long Beach, August 19.]

There is a note of gladness in my heart to-day as I bring you tidings of the work being done for Chinese in Los Angeles, for I believe that God is working in our midst.

The work for the men, or "boys," as we term them, is done through our night school or mission, where they come to learn our language. They come, in most cases, fortified against us, but they can not resist the Christian influences of the school.

No boys would seem to be more completely bound over to sin and ruin than Chinese boys in America. Away from home and a mother's influence and care, they naturally become indifferent. The temptations peculiar to both races beset them with special force. "They speedily become too American in their ideas to be submissive under the rod of iron which belongs to Chinese family discipline, and they are too Chinese to seek or to value what is helpful or healthful in American life." Easily enough they learn our tricks, vices, and dishonesties, but it is good to know that ofttimes we get in ahead of the evil one, and that the seed we sow in tears often is germinating and fruitening here and abroad.

The work moves slowly but surely, and when God gets hold of a Chinaman's heart, he at once begins to work and pray for his family. I can not forbear the pleasure of reading you an extract from a letter received a few months ago from one of our Christian brothers, who left us some time ago for China. I will read it as he wrote it:

"Dear Teacher: You ask me to write you a letter. I afraid you not understand, but I do my best. My heart very glad. God bring me safe home to my wife, and mother. California is a very nice place to live in, not like as in here. American people do such kind works for our Chinese, teaching them about Jesus, the light of the world. My home and my people a few years ago very, very dark, but now a little light begin to shine. So many Christian boys come home; they look happy and good; so kind to their parents, so after they tell the gospel story the papa and mama say perhaps my boy is right, and they not feel so much like worshiping idols, wood, stone, and paper, and go to the mission, perhaps long way, nine or ten miles, perhaps twenty miles, very hard walk, not so nice as Los Angeles walk, and listen the preacher as some strong Christian boy come back home, talking every day and night about the Jesus doctrine; then they become Christians too. Sometimes boy not very good Christian in California come back home, see so much sin and darkness, think about what the teacher tell him in the mission, he ask God help him give his Holy Spirit to help him tell his people about the light, then he be bold, strong Christian. You see the seed sowed in California grow away over here in China, and a little while a big harvest come. Some Christian men have hard time, can not buy rice because they not worship the idol, but the true God always take good care, and they have enough to eat, and by and by the light will grow larger, and you American people, so kindly to my poor people, not be discouraged. China will be all lighted up, because you do what Jesus tell us—carry the gospel to all the dark places. You tell all teachers to pray for our Christian men come back home."

Thus you see God is using the home workers in the foreign fields. Last year the average attendance for the year was but fifteen per night, and yet this number contributed to missions $760.00. Seven hundred and twenty-six dollars in United States coin being equal to nearly $1,450 in Chinese money, thus helping to support a Bible woman, a native pastor, aiding a religious circulating library, and in many other ways proving their loyalty to country and love for their new-found faith.

The work for the women and girls is done in the homes. Visits are made three times per week, and as many as 150 calls per month. The visitor must be watchful and tactful, to be helpful in the sometimes peculiar demands made upon her, and to gain their confidence must be willing to serve in any capacity, not so attractive perhaps as teaching or telling Bible stories. Thank God that to-day in more than two or three homes in Chinatown a street gospel text hangs in place of the heathen shrine and ancestral tablet.

On one occasion a woman who had but recently moved, waited for me in a doorway to show me her new house. I wish this morning that you who live in your bright, light, and airy homes could see this one—a room six by six, with only little holes for windows, in the rear of a cigar factory, close to the kitchen of a restaurant, where one is stifled with the smoke from the Chinese store and the heat. When I was seated, I asked her what she wanted me to teach her. She replied, "Oh, some good pure words." The darkness and heat were all forgotten as we talked of God's love and how to pray to him. I wrote out a little prayer, and helped her learn it, so that she can repeat it herself night and morning. By and by she will know its substance. She is studying from a simple little book called "Peep of Day." She readily understands and enjoys it very much.

There is another women I have in mind, very poor and old, but who has a strong Christian spirit, whose room in its neatness is in remarkable contrast to most of the others—very meagerly furnished, but as clean as can be made. It is a real pleasure to visit her. In conversation with her one day, I said, "Your room is always clean and bright; it must take much of your time keeping it so. Said she, "My room very bare, but I like to keep it nice, because it belongs to Jesus, and I belong to Jesus too. He is in my heart, and keeps me happy and unlonely all the time." Then looking most earnestly into my face, said, "Won't you tell all Chinese woman about Christ, so they be like same as me." I replied that I would try to, but that she must help me, and to-day her influence is felt among her neighbors.

Our annual picnic is a great factor in our work; it is talked about for weeks before and months after, and it is a continual surprise that American ladies take such deep interest in them. The self-constituted nurses at the picnic, relieving their tired arms of the precious burden, so they may be free to wander as fancy dictates, excite their wonder and gratitude—the bountiful lunch, with its quantities of hot tea that even the babies drink, and last, but not least, that it is without money or price. For three years we have held our picnic at the beach, and this has been made possible through the courtesy and generosity of Mr. E. P. Clarke, of the Los Angeles Pacific Railroad, placing cars and service at our disposal; and we have never had an accident to mar our pleasure.

There is one more thing I wish to speak of, and that is the Bible woman, Mrs. Lena Young, wife of one of our mission boys, educated in a Canton mission school. She comes to us a very efficient worker. She goes with me into each home, and gathering the women or girls who may not care to study English, she tells them of Jesus and his love, and they listen so interestedly and read with her the Chinese Bible. It is really a beautiful sight to watch her as she holds their interest from time to time. We have much reason to thank God for having brought to us this winning, gifted Chinese helper. She comes each evening to the night school, and is making rapid progress in learning the language. I realize, my dear sisters, that we can not be weary in well doing, but if we are faithful in doing our part, God will give us a bountiful harvest.

A NEW BOOK BY THE SECRETARY OF THE NORTHFIELD EXTENSION MOVEMENT.

A Review.

The Fleming H. Revell Company of Chicago has just issued a book by the Rev. H. W. Pope, entitled "What Every Christian Needs to Know." It is an admirable handbook for Christian workers, especially for beginners.

The appearance of the book here on the coast is a timely one, inasmuch as Mr. Pope is scheduled to begin evangelistic work this week in the Congregational churches of Southern California.

The author presents valuable thoughts on revivals and how to secure them, open-air work, leaflet evangelism, personal work, religious conversation, and tact. He considers doubts and suggests ways for dispelling them; spiritual gifts, and how to find them; deals with excuses and with mistakes in teaching; sets forth the value of a definite message, and, all in all, sends forth a very suggestive and helpful book of 224 pages, which the Revell Company furnishes for 75 cents net.

We give here two excerpts from the book, one concerning personal work; the other, on the weakening of the capacity to know God, taken from the chapter bearing the caption, "An Appeal to Students."

Personal Work.

It reaches all classes. The London Daily News recently finished a canvass extending over a period of more than six months, by which it was shown conclusively that there were over two million non-church goers in that great city. It is said that there are 150,000 night-workers in New York City, consisting of bakers, hack-drivers, and men who work on newsday, and Sunday is no exception. There are also 200,000 men and women belonging to the vicious class who haunt the streets of the same city by night for evil purposes, besides 60,000 homeless wanderers who sit in the parks all night and wait for day to dawn. Of what use is the church to these classes? Who can reach them with the gospel unless he carries it to them directly, by night, and right where they are, in the parks and on the streets? So far as the writer knows, there is no one at the present time doing this night missionary work in this or any other large city in this country. If you cannot do it, pray that God will raise up consecrated men to do this most needful work.

It meets the exact needs of the individual. People are seldom converted by preaching alone. They may be awakened, and deeply convicted of sin, but not often do they become personally acquainted with the

Lord Jesus without the aid of some individual. Even Saul, to whom the Lord revealed himself in a special manner, required the assistance of Ananias before he came into the full light. Cornelius was an earnest seeker after truth, but he had to send for Peter to help him.

In an inquiry meeting, about a year ago, the writer talked with three individuals. One of them had been deceiving his friends, and duty required him to make certain confessions. He saw his duty clearly, but felt unable to do it. Quotations of Scripture and suggestions of various kinds seemed unavailing, until finally I told him the story of the lame man at the gate Beautiful. That story with its application changed the whole aspect of things, and made an almost impossible duty seem a magnificent opportunity, and in a moment he said : "I will do it." A year later I met him, and he told me how wonderfully God had blessed him, both in the act of confession and in all his work.

The second one was perplexed over some doubtful form of amusement, while the third was facing the question of surrender to Christ.

In each of these cases the sermon had aroused the conscience and led them to see their duty, but in neither instance were they quite ready to perform that duty without a further application of the gospel such as their peculiar condition required.

Capacity to Know God Weakened by Disuse.

One's capacity to know God weakens by disuse, and may be utterly lost. Charles Darwin said in early life : "I believe God will reveal himself to every individual soul, and my most passionate desire is a deeper and a clearer vision of God." But one can easily lose all belief in the spiritual by giving up the continual thought and care for spiritual things. Near the end of his life he said : "In my younger days I was deeply religious, but I made my mind a kind of machine for grinding out general laws in the material world, and my spiritual nature atrophied." His last days were clouded with sadness and spiritual gloom.

Rev. J. Douglass Adam, D.D., of New York, said at a Northfield Conference, a few years ago: "A friend of mine was once on a parliamentary commission with Prof. T. H. Huxley. They happened to stay at a little country inn over Sunday. Huxley said to my friend : 'I suppose you are going to church this morning?'

"'I am ; I always go to church.'

"'I know you do,' said Huxley; 'but suppose this morning you sit down and talk with me about religion—simple experimental religion.'

"'I will,' said my friend, 'if you mean it.'

"They sat down together, and my friend, out of a deep and rich experience, told him of the cross of Christ and pardoning love, and after three hours tears stood in Huxley's eyes, and he put out his hand and said : 'If I could only believe that, I would be willing to give my right hand.' What do you call that but intellectual imprisonment ? Huxley was, perhaps, the greatest scientific enemy of Christianity in our generation.

"The same friend told me that again and again Mr. John Morley would come to him in the lobby of the House of Commons, and put his hand in his and say : 'I want you to pray for me. I am going to Ireland on important executive business, and I want your prayers.' Morley is perhaps the leading literary agnostic today."

What a pitiful picture ! Two masterful minds so imprisoned by reason that they could not believe ! Conscious of their need of God, and yet knowing not how to approach him! A dying man once said to the writer : "I know I ought to turn to God, but I have had my own way so long that now I lack the power to turn. I have lost control of my own will, and I must die as I have lived."

The conclusion is this, that every student ought to accept Christ, and ought to do it now. If he waits five years, the chances are that he will never do it. Every year that he puts it off he loses something of his capacity to discern spiritual truth and to feel its force.

Besides, every day that he puts it off he loses something which he can never regain, and which God himself cannot recover for him. He loses part of his possible destiny, part of that great inheritance of character and influence which God has provided for him in Christ Jesus, but which he can lose as surely by simple neglect as by a life of vice or crime.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Mrs. L. E. Agaid.

Scarcely possible did it seem that a year had rolled by since the annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California in 1903, when we were summoned to attend that of 1904, on Thursday, September 15, in Pilgrim Church, East Oakland.

With important meetings on four successive days of that week, it was a matter of congratulation that the attendance was so large, and goes to prove that those who habitually attend the meetings of the Union know that a program of sufficient interest awaits them to make it worth their while to be there, though it require some effort. The meeting on this, its seventeenth birthday, was no exception. Expressions of interest were repeatedly heard; yet the presentation of the subject of our California Indians, and that of the Mormons, led the next speaker to look about to see if the needs of the one and the magnitude of the evil of the other might not have a discouraging effect upon the audience. Finding no evidence of it, he accounted for the fact by styling the representatives of the various auxiliaries there present as generals in the Lord's army, standing next their Leader, Christ, taking their orders from him, and through his direction and help hosts of other women will be organized into an army which shall be used in establishing his kingdom on the earth, where Satan now so largely rules. Throughout the day the messages brought by the different speakers were both cheering and stimulating, the final words of Mr. Patchell reminding us that the work is the Lord's, but that every faithful worker shares in the result.

The reports from the auxiliaries were unusually interesting, owing to the secretaries' appreciating the necessity of responding to the request of the Union's secretaries for some report of their work.

An appeal was made from Cottonwood for missionary literature which may be sent out from there into various sections where the people can not provide it

for themselves. Mrs. Nash made an earnest appeal for a large proportion of our time to be given to missionary work, and for much love to be packed into the missionary boxes. Mrs. Lucas, superintendent of young people's work, brought the question, What can we do to arouse our young people to an appreciation of the world's needs? And Mrs. Booth stirred the consciences of us older ones into asking what are we, with our complete set of faculties, doing? as she embodied in her address of welcome these words of the blind, deaf mute, Helen Keller: "I am much interested in work that woman may do in the world. It is a fine thing to be an American; it is a splendid thing to be an American woman. Never in the history of the world has woman held a position of such dignity, honor, and usefulness as here and now. We read how nation after nation has reached a certain height of civilization and failed, because the women of the nation remained uncivilized. I think the degree of a nation's civilization may be increased by the degree of enlightenment of its women. So I shall study the economic questions relating to women, and do my best to further her advancement, for God and his world, and for everybody."

The morning program ran over into the lunch hour, Mrs. F. R. Watring, of Clayton, and Miss Carrie Potter, of Hawaii, speaking at the table. The latter emphasized the importance of having the young people growing into the work of the missionary societies. As if in reply to her question, Where are the young people? the first speaker of the afternoon, Mrs. C. G. Baldwin, told of the need of the Palo Alto church of a building by means of which to make a church home for many of the young people of Stanford University, for the development of their religious life in union with the intellectual.

Mrs. Miles Fisher gave a thoughtful little talk on the danger and cure of a pessimistic spirit, and Mrs. Stedman, of San Francisco, spoke on "Making the Best of Things," saying in part that one "has never made the best of anything until all the opportunities afforded by it for gathering lessons of wisdom, experience, courage and trust in God have been exhausted."

Mrs. Hitchcock, of Alameda, brought words of cheer, as though to prepare us for the vigorous and forceful manner in which Mrs. Williams, of Saratoga, brought to our attention the Lilliputian size of the average contribution of the women of our churches, as compared with the great and important work for which the Union stands. Forty-seven cents apiece is our annual contribution toward California home missions, —church and parsonage building, planting Sunday-schools, evangelizing the Chinese in this part of our State, the Armenians in Fresno, the negroes and mountain whites in the South, and the Indians in the Middle West and in Alaska. For those in our own State, we do nothing at all. Forty-seven cents! Let the words ring in our ears all this coming year, to spur us up to spending less upon ourselves, in order that we may do more for others.

Rev. E. J. Singer being present, told us of the unique little Sunday-school which he found on the top of Mt. Hamilton, held in Professor Aitkin's parlor, and Mrs. Aitkin conducting the exercises, while the superintendent continues his studies from Berkeley, from which point he teaches the school regularly by correspondence—the only instance of the kind in Mr. Singer's experience.

The next on the program was an earnest plea by Mrs. T. C. Edwards, of San Jose, for the 16,000 Indians in California. In the early days the Catholics established missions, but the Protestants have not seen fit to continue the work. Referring to the legend of the naming of St. Christopher,—"Christ-bearer,"—the speaker remarked that the churches on this coast seem to be afflicted with defective vision, for the Christ is not recognized in these dark-skinned people. Except in a few isolated instances, nothing is done for fully 15,000 of them, not even for their physical welfare, to say nothing of their spiritual. Mrs. Edwards made a strong appeal for a change in public sentiment toward these poor people, saying "they are our people, our field; they were here before we came."

The menace of the Mormon Church in the United States was most graphically portrayed by Mrs. J. B. Hume, of Berkeley. Would that she might have the thoughtful hearing of every Gentile voter in our land. For years, more or less effort has been made to check the evil, but in less than seventy-five years they have gained control of four States and two territories, besides having a large proportion of votes in several others. The Christian women were the first to recognize the danger, and our government concedes the fact that home missions held out and succeeded where all others failed. The first effort was to put down polygamy, and the women's petition availed in unseating Senator Roberts. But another struggle is now on, and the evil now to be contended with is the doctrine of the "divine authority of the priesthood." The Mormon organization is perfect, their financial strength almost unlimited, and their purpose openly declared to be eventually to control the United States Government. Their present representative at Washington, Reed Smoot, is one of the priesthood, and whether a polygamist or not, as a member of the Mormon hierarchy, he is sworn to give, as a senator, the right of polygamous faith and practice to his people, because the laws of his church are, with him, supreme, however contrary they may be to those of the country.

Mrs. Hume is a clear and intelligent speaker, and should be given many opportunities for presenting this subject.

Rev. W. T. Patchell, of San Jose, speaking of his experience as a home missionary in the Rocky Mountains, pictured a scene among the rough but impressionable people of a small mining town, their respect for religion, and the need they feel when trouble comes of one who will represent God to them. While one may not see great results from missionary effort in such a place, while it may not be possible to build churches even, if God's representative be worthy, he stands in a conspicuous place, holding the respect of the community, and doing a great work in the sight of God. The speaker's plea was that the men and women sent into these fields shall be those who will go with a message of friendliness and love to the people

Altogether, it was a day of serious import to earnest souls, and, by the use that shall be made of it, to the coming of the kingdom of God.

One of the most interesting and remarkable Sunday-schools in this country, says the Pilgrim Teacher, is in the almshouse in Richmond, Va., and consists of a single class taught by an aged inmate and attended by some twenty other inmates of the institution. This old Christian woman meets her class every Sunday afternoon at 3:00 p. m. She says, concern-

ing it: "When I first came here I was almost heartbroken, for I thought my life's work was ended; but at last I decided I could do something here, and organized this class." Several have been converted through her efforts.

Christian Endeavor Service.

REV. HERBERT N. BEVIER

October 9.

Topic: Helping One Another. Rom. xv: 1-7. (Honorary Members' Meeting.)

Christian Endeavor has an affiliated constituency which, though only "honorary" in the technical sense, may prove an exceedingly useful branch or arm of the society's work. It might be called its helping hand, and therefore a most important auxiliary. There are many mature and veteran Christian workers in every church and congregation who have other obligations and who are connected with other organizations, or exercise other functions, who can greatly assist the young people, although they may feel too mature or too busy to meet all the responsibilities of active members. Such may be honorary members, and fulfill an affiliated relation. Such may be considered the strong ones according to the meaning of Paul in Rom. xv: 1, in contrast to those who are weak in the sense of their having had more experience and therefore capable of advising those of lesser years. These will not merely please themselves, but wherein it lies in their power they will extend their helpful aid to those younger in the work. Such can help by being present now and then at the meetings, if they can not attend regularly, by offering a word of counsel or advice, by giving of their substance to strengthen the treasury, by attendance upon the socials, and by individual work with individual members. There is scarcely a limit to the variety or usefulness of such, if they will set their minds to it.

"Helping one another"—how much is suggested by the words! What possibilities of new worlds and nobler civilizations are contained in them! Half of religion lies in them in the germ. We are told by the apostle that "no man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself," which reflects the truth of our necessary influence upon others; but, besides this, we are responsible for a voluntary helpful spirit. We are told in Galatians to "bear one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ." There are struggling souls everywhere—souls borne down with heavy loads, souls toiling in a weary way, who may be greatly heartened by our help. There are timid souls, untaught, undisciplined, modest, hesitating souls, who need only a little encouragement to make them largely useful. Such are like carnations in our gardens; they are languishing for a little intelligent propping to bring out their full bloom—like sweet peas needing the help of strings to climb on, like rose bushes, all the better and stronger for a stout stake for a few years. Many a young life has failed of large usefulness for the want of a little judicious urging at "psychological moments,"—a stout push out into the open when hesitating on the border. Paul was helping Timothy in just this way when he bade him, "Let no man despise thy youth."

Then there are discouraged ones along the way of life—those who have tried and failed. These need to be spurred to another effort—urged to "take heart again." It is not enough to quote to such, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." They need help to get on their feet, a little taking by the hand and leading. The world is full of suffering and troubled souls who need the cheer and consolation of help. Like the widow of Zarephath, they need the prophet, and, like the prophet, they need the widow's barrel and cruse.

"There are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by;
There are weary souls who perish
While the days are going by."

In a world such as ours there are endless calls for sympathy. There is sorrow and suffering everywhere. Who does not know the comfort there is in a handshake, a fitly-spoken word, the falling of a tear of the heart? In these ways we can help one another, renew a spirit, cheer a courage, make a burden lighter. The various ways we may help one another in this world are legion, as various as human needs and human weaknesses.

A reason for our desiring to be so helpful is given us in the letter to the Corinthians—the first letter. We should be so because we are all "members one of another." That is, we are all united in Christ—all members of Christ's mystical body, if professed and pledged Christians, and all branches of the one great tree of humanity, which he lived and died to save. "Members one of another"—therefore we ought to labor and rejoice and suffer and be abased or exalted together. We ought to help one another because we are brethren. There is far to much of strife and competition in our work and service and too little co-operation—too much selfishness and not enough of kindly assistance. Everybody is striving to get to the top himself and carry off prizes, and too little thoughtful of his brother. This is not in accord with the spirit of Christ. Such will never bring in the kingdom. Only by bearing one another's burdens can we fulfill the law of Christ. The strong are under a debt of strength. They who have influence are under obligations not to hoard, but to invest it. The "white man's burden" is the universal burden, and every true man will acknowledge it and place his back beneath it, even as Christ pleased not himself, but gave his life a ransom for many. Not what we get makes us rich, but what we give. He that saveth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life—shall find it.

When the Chicago fair was held very few people in the United States knew anything more about the Philippine Islands than they do now about New Guinea. At St. Louis, only eleven years later, many people consider the Philippine exhibit to be the most interesting and instructive, as it certainly is the largest, section of the whole fair. It shows every grade of Filipino civilization, from the absolute savage to the most highly-developed society; it exhibits the methods and results of all the operations of the American civil and military forces; and the entire Philippine problem is fairly and fully set forth. The educational exhibit is almost the story of a miracle. The manual-training work, the trade schools, the farm schools, wonderful as they are, do not tell the story so vividly as does this simple fact, that more people of the islands speak English, after four years of American rule, than spoke Spanish after 400 years of Spanish rule.

Church News.

California.

Auburn.—The pastor read his resignation October 18th. It was accepted by the church at the following prayer-meeting, to take effect October 24th. Mr. Burgess entered upon his pastorate at Auburn, January 1, 1893.

Pasadena, First.—Work on the new church has been progressing steadily, and it is now hoped that services may be resumed within a week or two, in the Sunday-school room. Dr. Meredith has returned from his vacation and is now settled in his newly purchased home. During the summer the Women's Church Aid Society has held parlor meetings and the Y. P. S. C. E. have been the guests of the various other young people's societies of the city. Two or three socials during the vacation have also served to keep our people in touch with each other, and it is with eager anticipation that the church looks forward to the work of the coming year.

Pasadena, North.—Sunday, July 17th, Rev. Henry T. Staats celebrated with his people his sixteenth anniversary of his pastorate. These have been years full of the varied changes that naturally come to a church in so cosmopolitan a country as Southern California. There were only two present who were at the first gathering of the Sunday-school out of which has grown this prosperous church. The Rev. F. J. Culver, who took the initiative in the organization, and a young man, who was then in one of the smaller classes, now treasurer of the Sunday-school. This church has been a strong force for Christ in this northern suburb of Pasadena. The pastorate is the longest of any in the State, except that of Dr. Pond, and Dr. Staats is good for sixteen years more. He has the fire of youth in his preaching and his step is as elastic as a man of thirty. That his heart is as young as his step is proven by his call to his people a few Sundays ago, when he said in substance: "Brethren, it is time to enlarge our borders. We want more room. The Sunday-school has overflowed our capacity. The congregations are crowding the nooks and corners that they may join with us in worship. No use to stop and discuss the matter. You have talked it over among yourselves. You all know what we must do if we are to meet the demands of this community. An estimate has been made of how much we need. If you are agreed that we should make the improvements as stated, you may respond by bringing me the cash or sending your check. Great was his joy at the close of the week to find the voluntary offerings was within $100 of the amount needed. Last Sunday, September 18th, a special service of gratitude was held. A wing to the south and enlarged quarters to the east gives the much needed room. Dr. R. R. Meredith of the First church preached one of his strong, helpful sermons. The grounds of the church are to be greatly improved, sidewalks laid, etc. These improvements will make the church one of the most cozy and attractive in our city. The pastor and people are to be congratulated. If this church keeps up its present pace of growth we may expect another enlargement next summer. May the Lord pour forth his Spirit upon this pastor and people until they hear many asking, "What must I do to be saved."

Washington.

Seattle.—The Ministers' Meeting, adjourned through vacation, reassembled September 19th, and will meet on the first and third Mondays at 2 p. m. The brethren are looking toward evangelistic effort during the winter, and may welcome Rev. Geo. F. Pentecost, D.D., to lead in a union movement.

Everett.—Much needing a new plant on the Sound side of the city, this church greatly desires one of California's successful pastors to come and lead in the undertaking—the sooner he will come the better for the work, at present, it is thought by some, in a somewhat critical condition. The people rejoice in the present ministrations of Rev. Samuel M. Freeland, so well and favorably known along the Pacific Coast.

Bellingham.—The coming early in the year of Rev. William Orr Wark and wife from Winetka, Ill., gave fresh impetus to church activities. Larger congregations, both morning and evening, greet the pastor and are greatly interested in the gospel preaching. Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor flourish, and the mid-week service is in no sense a problem. The church rejoices, among other things, in promptly meeting the second annual installment due C. C. B. S..

North Bellingham.—Rev. M. W. Morse of Ferndale for over a year has been holding a preaching service at the North Bellingham schoolhouse. On the 11th of September, as a result of his work, and a desire of the people for religious privileges, a church of twenty-one members was organized. The four Congregational churches of the vicinity and the Queen Anne church of Seattle were invited to a Council of Recognition, and all were represented when it assembled, September 22d. Rev. Wm. Orr Wark of Bellingham was moderator and J. T. Nichols of Seattle scribe. The schoolhouse was filled at the public service in the evening, when the sermon was preached by Rev. Y. T. Nichols; the prayer of recognition made by Rev. M. W. Morse, and the right hand of fellowship given by Rev. F. M. Washburn of Blaine. North Bellingham is a farming district between Bellingham and Ferndale, and the organization of this promising work is due to the energy of three Congregational families and the unremunerated labors of Mr. Morse.

Notes and Personals.

Our Oregon corresondent tells of the death of the veteran minister, the Rev. C. A. Huntington, widely known all over the Pacific Coast.

We stated recently that the Rev. F. V. Jones had taken charge of the church at Port Angeles, Washington, supposing from an item in a Washington paper that the arrangement was a permanent one. It seems, however, that Mr. Jones went to Port Angeles only temporarily, a change from the Eastern Washington climate being desirable for Mrs. Jones.

The following from a circular by a leading life insurance company, shows in one way the growing sentiment against the liquor business: "There has been of late an increase in the number of applications for insurance in the ordinary department on the lives of persons engaged in the various branches of the liquor business. It has been the company's prac-

tice either to decline such applications or to offer to issue the policies under certain restrictions. The general experience of insurance companies has shown this class of risks to be undesirable for life-insurance purposes. It has been decided, therefore, that on and after August 1, 1904, applications will not be considered upon the lives of persons directly or indirectly engaged in the manufacture, handling, or sale of malt or spirituous liquors. This rule being thoroughly understood, no time need be wasted in canvassing among those engaged in these occupations."

Oregon Letter

By George H. Himes.

The oldest Congregational minister in Oregon, if not on the Pacific Coast, Rev. C. A. Huntington, died in this city yesterday morning at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. D. D. Clarke, aged 92 years and 5 months.

Inasmuch as it has been a privilege to have had something more than a mere passing acquaintance with Mr. Huntington for nearly forty years, I feel it my duty to record somewhat fully the story of his life.

He was born near Vergennes, Vt., April 12, 1812, and his early life was spent on a farm, going to school in the winter time and working the soil during the summer, thus acquiring the rudiments of an education and at the same time the physical strength that has stood him in good stead for nearly a century.

He began teaching in 1831 at $12 per month, that offering better remuneration than farm labor, with the fixed determination to acquire a college education, pursuing his studies privately as much as possible between terms of school. At length he received $18 per month, the highest wages for teaching in Northeastern New York, whither he had removed from Vermont. When twenty-five years old he became a student in the University of Vermont, and was graduated therefrom in August, 1842, paying his own way with earnings for teaching as opportunity afforded. In 1844 he went westward to Chicago, having married the year previous, hoping to find a better opportunity to push himself forward in his chosen vocation. The great city of the Middle West when he arrived had a population of 10,000, and every avenue in his line was closed, hence he went to Rockford ,and providentially, as he always believed, found old friends there who had preceded him. In this way he was able, in September, 1844, to open a classical school, which was the first sowing of the seed which bears fruitage today in the form of the Rockford (Ill.) Female Seminary and Beloit (Wis.) College. His work along educational lines placed him before the people of Winnebago county, Ill., in such favor that he was made county school superintendent, filling that position for about eight years.

In 1850 Mr. Huntington established a book and stationery business and carried it on successfully until 1857, when his stock was destroyed by fire. He rallied from this disaster and resumed business, but the panic of 1857 coming on just at that time also, together with the unstable business conditions of the nation just prior to, and during, the early years of the Civil war period, which scarcely any one of today who did not live through it can realize, made the burden intolerable, being financially crippled as he was by the fire loss. Hence he closed out his business and accepted the position of chief clerk in the office of his brother-in-law, William H. Waterman, who had just been appointed by President Lincoln, superintendent of Indian Affairs for Washington Territory. He went to New York, took passage for Olympia, via the isthmus in December, 1864, and arrived at Olympia January 27, 1865. The cost of passage to San Francisco was $300, second cabin —the first cabin was $100 more; the fare from San Francisco to Olympia was $115.63—making a total of $415.63 from New York to Olympia, the latter at that time a village of 500 inhabitants, with streets full of stumps and logs. Mr. Huntington at once entered upon his official duties and remained in the Indian service for most of the time until 1878.

When Mr. Huntington arrived at Olympia in the spring of 1865, the religious condition of that town was in a sad state. The Methodists had a chapel there but no minister; the Presbyterians had a chapel and a small organization, but no religious service, save a small Sunday-school, conducted mostly by ladies. At this juncture Mr. Huntington said that he had conducted religious services as a layman, and volunteered to do so here when there was no minister, if it would be acceptable. His offer was accepted, and notices given out and the following Sunday he had a large congregation to speak to, many coming from saloons to hear him. This led to regular services all the summer of 1865, and for some time afterwards, and ultimately to the organization of the First Congregational church of Olympia on April 17, 1873, in which Deacon Alfred Walker, of New Haven, Conn., took a leading part in the financial plans. Mr. Huntington served this church as pastor, without salary, the remainder of 1873, when his relations to the Indian service caused his removal to another part of the territory. Upon his return to Olympia in 1879 he served as pastor for about two years.

Mr. Huntington's lay preaching in the late sixties, above alluded to, caused the late Dr. Atkinson, then pastor of the Portland First church, to make his acquaintance. In this way he was induced to attend one of the meetings of the Oregon and Washington Association of Congregational churches and ministers, held at Oregon City in the year 1870. This led to a wider acquaintance with the Congregational ministers of that day in the Northwest, and at length, after giving a most satisfactory statement of his Christian experience, he was licensed to preach in Portland on June 22, 1872. He preached his first sermon in his fifty-third year and his last in his ninety-second year, at that time in Eureka, California, to which place he first went in 1881.

And now our aged brother has rounded up a long and well-spent earthly life, and his works do follow him. He leaves behind him as a legacy to his children—the best that a parent can leave—an unblemished Christian character, an example and a precious memory to all who ever knew him.

Mrs. Huntington died in 1896. Six of the nine children survive Mr. Huntington, as follows: Dr. Thomas W. Huntington, San Francisco, Cal.; J. B. Huntington and Mrs. D. D. Clarke, Portland; A. H. Huntington, Whitney, Ore.; B. S. Huntington, The Dalles; and Mrs. A. J. Monroe, Eureka, Cal.

A large number of friends of the family attended the funeral at the home of Mrs. Clarke at 4 p. m. today.

The remains will be taken to Eureka to be placed beside Mrs. Huntington.

The Congregational Ministerial Association of this city has again organized for active work during the coming year. Officers were elected last Monday as follows: Rev. John J. Staub, president; Rev. A. M. Rockwood, secretary and treasurer.

An Irish preacher of world-wide reputation, Rev. H. Grattan Guinness, D.D., of London, England, is visiting Portland for a short time. He preached last Sunday evening in the First Presbyterian church on "Fellowship with Christ."

Dr. House was elected president of the City Ministerial Association last week.

Arrangements are being perfected whereby special religious services, most likely in the nature of a united effort among all the churches, will begin in November.

Dr. and Mrs. House will leave Portland on October 3d for St. Louis. After visiting the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Mrs. House will go on to New England to remain among old friends for a few months, and Dr. House will go to Des Moines to attend the National Council, returning home after an absence of two Sundays.

Portland, September 25, 1904.

CURRENT EVENT AND COMMENT.

Timely Topics From Various Sources.

In the penitentiary at Sing Sing, N. Y., are 1,200 convicts. The librarian of this institution reports that 40,500 books were read last year by the convicts. Of these 40,500 books, 29,381 were fiction, 1,227 biography, 953 history, 792 religion, and 205 poetry. Of books in foreign languages, German led, with 1,686 volumes, and the order thereafter was: Hebrew, 1,259; Italian, 1,067; and French, 545. Dumas was the favorite writer of fiction with the convicts, and 1,413 volumes of his works were read. Other authors followed in the following rank: Charles Reade, 720; Collins, 649; Corelli, 596; Doyle, 584; Dickens, 567; Haggard, 481; Crawford, 415; and Henty, 402. These figures show several things of interest, among others the fact that the convict population of Sing Sing is cosmopolitan, quite the reverse of illiterate, and fond of reading. Considering the limited time at the disposal of the convict, the average of nearly three and one-half books a year seems large. On the other hand, it may be easily imagined that anything that tends to make the prisoner temporarily forget his surroundings is eagerly welcomed.

Whether an opportunity for valuable service to the church is not being wasted, in many churches of this city, through carelessness as to who shall "supply" the pulpit during the vacation of the clergyman and the absence of the majority of the congregation in the summer months, says the New York Churchman, is suggested by a remark made by the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, the distinguished English preacher, a few moments before he entered the pulpit of the Fifth avenue Presbyterian church on July 31. "I do not think," he said, "that the citizens of New York have awakened to the fact that this is the greatest summer resort in the world." Of the vast audience assembled that morning in the church he ventured to assert that but few were residents of the city, and his companion, after standing by Dr. Morgan for half an hour after the service while the distinguished Nonconformist greeted those who were anxious to meet the successor of the late Dwight L. Moody in his work at Northfield, found that Dr. Morgan's estimate was correct and that half a hundred people, from the Middle West, Northwest and Southwest, from New Mexico and California, passed by before one appeared who lived in Manhattan. Curiosity, the desire to see and hear a man of whom much lately has been said and written, doubtless had its part in gathering the great audience that greeted Dr. Morgan, filling the main floors and galleries, and even crowding the aisles; yet something must be granted to the certainty that here was an opportunity to hear a preacher of proved excellence, one who was not wont to send his hearers empty away. More and more is the summer coming to be the season when visitors from all parts of the country flock to the metropolis. The hotel keepers and the purveyors of amusement long since took account of these pilgrims, and made provision for them; but in the matter of spiritual refreshment is it not true that there is a tendency not to set out our best, since the hosts are away; to think that in the summer anything will do, fewer services, less music, indifferent preaching? Is there not an opportunity here for the representative churches of New York to touch and stimulate the hearts and consciences of those who come here from all sections of our country, even as their intelligences are stimulated and energized by contact with the metropolitan spirit in material affairs?

The Inter-Denominational Committee for the celebration of the Louisiana Purchase has issued its tentative program for that important occasion. Festival Hall, St. Louis, has been engaged for the afternoons of Saturday, October 29th, and Monday, October 31st. The opening address on Saturday will be given by Dr. A. B. Storms, Principal of the Iowa State College, and will be of a general historical character. He will be followed by speakers of national reputation representing the Home Missionary Boards of the Baptist, Congregational, Disciples, Episcopal, Lutheran, Reformed and Presbyterian churches. The leading speaker, Rev. Dr. Storms, represents the Methodist Board. These addresses will be given on Saturday and Monday afternoons, and their order will be named in the program of the day. Dr. W. M. Lawrence, of Chicago, Illinois, will represent the Baptists; Dr. Cyrus Northrop, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, will speak for the Congregationalists; Dr. J. H. Garrison, of St. Louis, Missouri, will tell the story of the Disciples; Dr. Cornelius Brett, of Jersey City, New Jersey, that of the Reformed Church; Bishop D. S. Tuttle, D.D., of St. Louis, Missouri, has been chosen to represent the Episcopal Church; Dr. A. S. Hartman, of Baltimore, Maryland, the Lutheran Church; while Dr. S. J. Niccolls, of St. Louis, Missouri will represent the Presbyterian Church. These exercises will be interspersed with music furnished by the different church choirs of St. Louis. Sunday, October 30th, will be given up by the St. Louis churches to the interests of this celebration, and effective speakers will be furnished for every pulpit in the city. It is earnestly requested that a pulpit notice be given by every pastor throughout the country receiving this circular, that this Sunday, namely, October 30th, be kept as a Home Missionary Day; that appeals in behalf of the evangelization of our country be made; that the successes of the past be celebrated and that, so far as possible, thank offerings be made by the people to all our Home Missionary Boards. Let the spirit of praise, of gratitude and of renewed consecration to Home Missions crown the day!

Sunday-School Lesson.

Edwin Francis Brown.

Lesson II. October 9.

The Widow's Oil Increased. 2 Kings iv: 7.

Golden Text: Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed (Psalm xxxvii:3).

DAILY HOME READINGS.

M. The Widow's Oil Increased (II Kings iv: 1-7).
T. Bondage Forbidden (Lev. xxv: 35-42).
W. The Food Multiplied (Mark vi: 34-44).
T. Not forsaken (Psa. xxvii: 16-25).
F. The Hungry Fed (Psa. cvii: 1-9)
S. Consider the ravens (Luke xii: 22-30).
S. Power Out of Weakness (I Cor. i: 18-29).

INTRODUCTORY.

The Scriptures contain many references to the fact that widows were the objects of God's tender care and solicitude. It was well that such was the case; for while the old Hebrew law had made special provision for their protection, they were nevertheless compelled to endure much oppression.

EXPOSITORY.

Although the sons of the prophets lived together in a sort of communal state, it is clear that they did not renounce the rights of private property. It is likewise clear that they did not practice celibacy (verse 1). While the identity of the woman mentioned is of little practical importance, it is nevertheless worthy of note that Josephus declares she was the widow of Obadiah, the faithful steward of King Ahab, and that the money borrowed had been used in the maintenance of the hundred prophets he had hidden during the famine.

That Elisha was regarded with respect and reverence is indicated by the woman's speech. That new leader of the prophetic band possessed traits and qualities not found in his predecessor Elijah. The gentleness and the calm dignity of his bearing made him greatly beloved by the people, and especially by those in trouble.

In the matter of enslavement for debt Israel was not an exception to the nations of that time; the only difference being that her laws were milder than those of other nations. That an insolvent debtor and his children could be sold into bondage was indeed a great hardship, but it was not contrary to the law and custom of the nations. There seems to have been more justice, however, in that particular form of bondage then than obtained in civilized countries a hundred or so years ago.

Vs. 2-7. Elisha's question, while it was full of encouragement, demanded a definite answer. It was humiliating for the woman to confess to her extreme poverty, yet a full knowledge of the actual conditions would enable the prophet to secure the proper relief. A little olive oil, perhaps unfit for food, but rather for use after the bath, was naturally the last thing to be found in one of those Oriental homes. But in the divine economy God begins with what we have on hand, whatsoever might be the quantity or quality, and multiplies it according to our needs.

It must have been a great trial to the woman's faith, to be compelled to appeal to her gossiping neighbors for the use of empty vessels. The necessary provision having been made, the doors are shut against her idle questioners, and she is left to the merciful interposition of Providence. In every particular she followed the instructions of Jehovah's servant. That doubtless accounts for the remarkable results.

SUGGESTIVE.

1. The good sometimes suffer poverty. The inequalities of this world are conspicuous.
2. The righteousness of a father often secures blessings for the children.
3. Obedient faith is invariably rewarded.
4. In the order of Providence help comes in unexpected ways.

Our Boys and Girls

A New Game.

Percy Saunders had come up to Perryville to spend a week. He had been there just twelve hours, having come the night before, and he had already been classified and pigeon-holed by the Goodrich twins, his country cousins, whom he was visiting. He couldn't climb a tree; he couldn't swim; he threw a ball like a girl; the delights, of using a sling were unknown to him; and—he had to go to bed at half-past seven! As he was a year older than the twins, who were eight, this last was too much.

After breakfast the three boys went out to the barn, where the twins ran up ladders and walked the narrow cross-beams thirty feet above the floor as unconcerned as if they were on the ground.

Percy caught his breath. "Oh, I wish I could do that! I'd love to do all those things, but mamma won't let me because it makes me dizzy."

"Oh, it's easy! See me fly!" And Albert took a flying leap of fifteen feet into the hay, followed by his brother.

Then they compared muscles, and found that Percy's were "awfully flabby." Their own were like iron. But showing off soon palled on all three of the boys, and they began to wonder what they could play.

"I made up a game, the other day," said Percy, in the slow, sober tones that had struck the twins as so curious. They chattered as fast and as shrilly as monkeys themselves in spite of their mother's hourly protests.

"Did you?" said Albert.

"Out of your own head?" said Herbert.

"Oh, it's easy. I often make 'em up," said Percy, delighted to have made an impression on these athletic boys, who could do so many things which he could not, although he was so much older.

"Tell us how you play it," said the twins together, eager for some novelty.

"Well, it's a kind of tag. I'll be it, and I'l start to run after you just the same as I would in tag." As he spoke, the twins, who had been lying in the hay, jumped to their feet and ran out of the barn. "Hold on!" said Percy. "I must tell you some thing about it, first. As I run after you I holler out a letter of the alphabet, like C, and then if you think of an animal whose name begins with C, and shout it, I can't tag you; but if you don't shout, then I tag you, and you're it, and must run after the others and holler out a letter. It must be some animal, or, if you choose, you can call out flowers. But it must be either animals or flowers or countries or fruits; you mustn't mix 'em up in the same game. Now start, and I'll follow."

"I hope he says the same letter again, because I've got a fine animal all ready," said Herbert to Albert.

The boys had not run fifty feet before they found that, whatever else Percy could not do, he certainly could run. He was almost upon Herbert before he shouted, and then he yelled "C!" as before.

Herbert waited until Percy reached out his hand to tag, and then he shouted, "Seal!"

"Tag!" said Percy, with a burst of laughter.

"That's not fair," said Herbert. "I said 'seal' before you touched me."

"But 'seal' doesn't begin with a 'C;' it begins with an 'S' said Percy, soberly.

"How about sealing? Isn't that c-e-i-l-i-n-g?"

"The plaster one is, but hunting the animal isn't," said Percy, with authority.

"He's right, Bert," said Al, who had run up. "You're it."

"Very well," said Bert. "Ready!"

And the two fled before him. He pursued Percy, who ran fleetly out into the road. After a long chase, Percy stubbed his toe, and Herbert gained enough on him to call out "G."

"Gnu," yelled Percy. But with a derisive laugh, Herbert closed on him and tagged him.

"I didn't say N; I said G."

"And I said gnu—g-n-u," said Percy, simply.

"Say, a fellow needn't ever get caught if he spells that way," said Bert, angrily. "G-p-o-n-y — pony. That's easy." But Al came up and declared that Percy was right.

They played the game for over an hour. Sometimes even Percy did not think fast enough or run fast enough to avoid being it, and after awhile they gave variety to the game by changing to flowers; and there they rather got the best of Percy, who was not familiar with as many varieties as the country boys were. Bert made many laughable mistakes in spell-

ing, and Al gave "phlox" as an F flower.

At last, when they grew tired of the sport, they all went up in the hayloft together. The twins helped Percy up the ladder. They tumbled into the hay.

"You're all right," said Al. "You can run fine, and that's a splendid game."

"And you can spell fine," said Bert.

"I'd rather be able to climb a tree like you fellows, than spell any word I ever saw," said Percy, modestly.

"Come on out, then, and we'll teach you," said the twins in unison.—St. Nicholas.

A Gentle Call.

Sometimes the Christian life begins very simply, especially with the young. Among those who have been under good influences in the home, the Church, the Sabbath School, and have been living sweet and gentle lives, free from grosser forms of evil, it is unreasonable to expect any violent "experience" or marked change in the manner of living. Failing to recognize this fact, many parents continue to wrestle with the Lord in prayer for the conversion of their children long after that change has really taken place; while the children and young people themselves, on account of the same mistaken impression, continue long in strong efforts and deep, unsatisfied longings to become Christians after God has indeed accepted them and they are actually living devotedly in his service.

It is well for us all to recognize how simply and quietly the Christian life sometimes begins.

A thoughtful girl of sixteen years, living in the country at a distance from the church, which made attendance irregular, read, on a Sunday, the memoir of a Christian woman. On closing the volume, she said to herself, "That was a beautiful life." After a little thought, she added, "And I should like to live such a life." A few minutes later she kneeled down and said: "Lord, I will try from this time." The decision was made. She went on steadily, and is still a useful and influential Christian woman, honored and beloved, and widely known for her beautiful and devout character.—Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.

The Lord's Command.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

By the Master's final words to his disciples the obligation is laid upon every Christian to be a soul-winner. "Ye shall be my witnesses," is the risen Lord's message to all his followers. No one is excused. "Follow me," said Christ, and I will make you fishers of men." And when his face was set toward Calvary, he said to the Father, "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." By the mouth of the prophet Ezekiel, God distinctly says that if we neglect "to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand." We are all sent, and if we shrink or excuse ourselves from our great mission we shall come into condemnation.

The unsaved multitudes know that every Christian should be an ambassador for Christ, and when we fail to do our duty we are condemned in their eyes as well as before God. A writer in the Epworth Era says:

"A college professor who was noted among his fellow-teachers for his habit of addressing young men upon their personal relations to Christ, was asked by one of his fellow-professors, 'Do they not resent your appeals as an impertinence?' He replied: 'No! Nothing is of such interest to any man as his own soul and its condition. He will never resent words of warning or comfort if they are prompted by genuine feeling. When I was a young man, I felt as you do. My wife's cousin, a young fellow not yet of age, lived in our house for six months. My dread of meddling was such that I never asked him to be present at family worship, or spoke to him on the subject of religion. He fell into the company of a wild set, and was rapidly going to the bad. When I reasoned with him I spoke of Christ. "Do you call yourself a Christian?" he asked, assuming an astonished look. "I hope so," I replied. "But you are not. If you were, he must be your Best Friend. Yet I have lived in your house for six months, and you have never once named his name to me; no, he is nothing to you!" I have never forgotten the rebuke.'"—The Art of Soul-winning.

Commandments of the Home-Maker.

1. Make your household one harmonious whole, no matter how small the scale.

2. Use only what you can comfortably afford in good quality and ample quantity.

3. Let your home appear bright and sunny. It is not easy to be unpleasant in a cheerful room.

4. Treat your servants wisely and kindly, and it will be impossible for them to either impose or oppose.

5. Have time for everything and never be in a hurry.

6. A certain formality is necessary to save every-day life from triviality and freedom from looseness.

7. Do not forget that "society" is the death of home life — hospitality its flower.

8. Know how to talk and how to listen, how to entertain and how to amuse.

9. Have many interests and no studies.

10. Do not forget—your home should not only be a well-conducted dormitory and boarding place, but truly a home, the center and focus of all interests, pleasure and happiness for everybody connected with it.—Harper's Bazaar.

The story is told of Esther Cleveland that, when she first heard her father telephone from Chicago to the White House, her expression changed to wonder and then to fear. It was surely her father's voice, yet she was incredulous. After looking at the tiny opening in the receiver, Esther suddenly burst into tears. "Oh, mama, mama," she sobbed, "how can we ever get papa out of that little hole!"—Guardian.

"He's a remarkably frank man."

"How so?"

"Why, the heiress asked him of he was sure he could take care of her when he proposed, and he said he was sure he could if he had her m ney to do it with."—Chicago Post.

If You Can Save $5.00

every month for a while, or have some cash, you can invest it, safe as in a bank, where in a short time it will return you annually for a lifetime an income of 1 to 3 times the investment. Write for particulars and photographic souvenir. SEND NO MONEY. Investor, 518 Parrott Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Now

is the best time of the year to

See

the

WORLD'S FAIR

On 10 different days in September and 8 in October Santa Fe agents in California will sell tickets to

ST. LOUIS and Return at $67.50
CHICAGO and return at $72.50

and to New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington at very low rates.
September tickets good 90 days for returning, October tickets good until December 31st.
Come back a different way if you wish and stop off at pleasure.
Be sure to

VISIT GRAND CANYON

going or returning and bear in mind that

Santa Fe is the Way

Information, tickets, etc., from

SANTA FE, Agent,
San Francisco.

A True Gentleman.

"I beg your pardon," and with a smile and touch of his hat, Harry B. handed to an old man against whom he had accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you. We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit not a bit!" said the old gentleman, cheerily. "Boys will be boys, and its best they should be. You didn't harm me."

"I'm glad to hear it," and, lifting his hat again, Harry turned to join the playmate with whom he had been romping at the time of the accident.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion, Charles L. "He is only Gale, the huckster."

"That makes no difference,' said Harry. The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one. No true gentleman will be less polite to man because he wears a shabby coat, or hawks vegetables through the streets, instead of sitting in a counting house." Harry was right."

Christ's Love for Man.

"I love them that love me," said the ancient Wisdom of the Book of Proverbs; but Christ's was a love that went far beyond that. "If ye love them that love you, what reward have ye?" He said to his disciples: "I say unto you, love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you." And the law that he laid upon his disciples, he made the law of his own life. His love did not wait for something without to call it forth; its source was in himself. He did not love men because of anything they were, but because of what he was. He did not love men because they were good, and he did not cease to love them when they were evil. Again and again he declared he had come to seek and to save that which was lost, to call not the righteous, but sinners to repentance.—Rev. Geo. Jackson in the "Table-Talk of Jesus."

Being Possessed.

It is safer to let God hold us than to try to hold on to him. His hold is surer than ours. So with the truths and teachings which he has given us in his Bible. Many a man knows the Bible through and through, without being in any way the gainer. He possesses the Bible; but its truths do not possess him. The only way to place ourselves under his saving possession is through practice, never through mere knowledge. Practice to the uttermost every truth in the Bible that you now possess, and you will soon begin to rejoice in the fact that those truths possess you. This bondage is the only true liberty.

Counting the Cost.

Two young soldiers were talking about the service of Christ. One of them said:

"I can't tell you all that the Lord Jesus is to me, or what he has done for me. I do wish you would enlist in his army."

"I am thinking about it," answered his comrade, "but it means giving up several things—in fact, I am counting the cost."

An officer passing at that moment overheard the last remark, and, laying his hand on the shoulder of the speaker, he said:

"Young friend, you talk of 'counting the cost' of following Christ, but have you ever counted the cost of not following him?"

For days that question rang in the ears of the young man, and he found no rest till he sought and found it at the feet of the Savior of sinners, whose faithful soldier and servant he has now been ed.

On Guard.

If you ever go to a fort, you will always find a soldier on guard. He is called the sentry, and it is his duty to see that no enemy enters the fort. If the sentry is caught off his guard, he may be put to death for neglecting his duty. This is necessary, for it is important that no enemy ever be allowed to enter the fort.

Every boy should always be on his guard, for there are enemies who are trying all the time to get into a boy's life. Some one has said that a boy should be ironclad in his whole body. His ears should be ironclad against impure words; his hands against wrongdoing; his feet against going into bad company; his eyes against bad books and pictures; his tongue against evil-speaking.

A boy who wants to guard himself against all these enemies needs Jesus Christ as his great Captain, and with his help, there will be no need to fear any foe, however strong.—Boy's World.

The Mien of an Imperial People.

"It is said that the Roman conquerors of the world carried in their faces the secret of the triumphs of an imperial people. Much more do sincere Christians walk the earth with the mien and bearing of a race of immortals; although the rays of spiritual majesty which stream forth from the burning spirit within often do but illume the weakness of the body which yet increases it. Of such it is literally true that 'whether they live they live unto the Lord, or whether they die they die unto the Lord.' They know that the few years of time are but a halt at the gate of eternity; and that true wisdom consists in practically understanding the ineffacable distinction which parts that which perishes before our very eyes from that which must lost forever."—Canon Liddon.

THE WAY TO CALIFORNIA is via the Southern Pacific

Tell your Eastern friends that they can come to California for

$33.00 from Chicago
$25.00 from Missouri River

If you want to bring a friend or relative to California, deposit cost of ticket here and ticket will be furnished passenger in the East.

These low rates good only from

September 15 to October 15

Ask any Agent, or at

Southern Pacific Office

613 Market Street

San Francisco, California

Blessedness.

This blessedness, of which we get glimpses in hours of intimacy with trusted human friends, and which every one who has experienced it knows to be as far above mere pleasure unshared, or happiness unreflected in the sympathy of those we love, as the heavens are higher than the earth —this the devout man finds in communion and fellowship with God. This high and precious blessedness, to be sure, does not fall into the lap of the spiritually indolent. To get it, one must exercise much of that union of appreciation and appropriation which Jesus calls faith, and which we express in prayer. To retain it, one must make his communion with God solid and real by faithful and, if need be, sacrificial doing of God's righteous will. To increase it year by year, one must co-operate with others in common efforts for social and spiritual ends.— President William DeWitt Hyde in "Jesus' Way."

Weakness and Strength.

When you and I are weak, Christ in a true sense owns the claim of our weakness and comes to serve us with his love. Behold, how this transfigures life! The times that make us weakest and that force our weakness most upon us, and make us most know how weak we are, these are our coronation times. The days of sickness, days of temptation, days of doubt, days of discouragement, days of bereavement and of the aching loneliness which comes when the strong voice is silent and the dear face is gone, these are the days when Christ sees most clear the crown of our need upon our foreheads, and comes to serve us with his love.—Phillips Brooks.

Heaven is but the blossoming out in us of that part of our nature which knew Christ while we lived here on earth, and the blossoming out to sight around us of the unseen spiritual life that is ever about our way. This is the plowed field of March; that is the green flowery field of May.—Rev. J. S. Wrightnour.

The man who is satisfied to worship God in the parks and fields on Sunday usually forgets to take his prayer book with him. Sometimes he has a rod or a gun or a golf stick.

Hot and Cold Baths. Excellent Table.

THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

American and European Plan

Montgomery St., Cor. Bush, San Francisco

GEO. WARREN HOOPER, Lessee.

Terms Moderate. Omnibus to Station and Boats.

Fine Crown and Bridg Work — Transplanting of Teeth

Dr. N. Bar Due

DENTIST

1295 Market St., Cor. 9th, San Francisco

Electrical Specialties.

Free extracting, cleaning and examination on Tuesdays and Fridays to customers 4 to 5 pm

Important Notice to Ladies

We plate every description of Metal work and goods with Gold, Silver, Nickel, Brass, Copper, Bronze, etc., in an elegant and durable manner, at the most reasonable prices.

Old work repaired, refinished and made equal to new. Tableware plated.

We call for and deliver work.

DENNISTON'S S. F. PLATING WORKS

Tel. Main 5931 — 743 Mission St., bet. 3d and 4th

F. L. TURPIN, Proprietor. Telephone MAIN 1535

ROYAL HOUSE

126 Ellis St.,

Near Y. M. C. A., San Francisco, Cal.

Between POWELL AND MASON STREETS.

Rooms to Let BY THE DAY, WEEK, or MONTH.

ELEVATOR AND OFFICE ON GROUND FLOOR.

New fire-proof brick building, metallic fire escapes front and rear. Every room new and furnished complete with spring beds and hair mattresses. First-class reading room and ladies parlor. All the daily papers. Rooms, per night, 35c. to $1.50; per week, $2 to $9; per month, $8 to $30.

Ladies' Parlor.

All Market Street Cars run within one block of the House. Ellis Street pass the door

"DOMESTIC" THE LIGHT RUNNING

Pre-eminently the Sewing Machine for Family Use.

Standard PAPER PATTERNS

Highest Perfection

Lowest Prices

Send for Catalogue.

J. W. Evans, Agent

1021 Market St., San Francisco

(Near Sixth.)

Do You Want a Home IN REDLANDS

Beautiful Orange Groves, Houses embowered in vines and roses, overlooking one of the most beautiful valleys in the world, surrounded by majestic mountains. Climate unsurpassed, best of society, schools of highest standard, strong churches and No Saloons. What more can you ask for a place in which to establish a home? For information, address

JOHN P. FISK

1st Nat. Bank Block, Redlands, Cal.

Pleasant Place for An Outing.

Care and comfort at Oak Grove Cottage, Saratoga.

Prune harvest time now. A fine time to be in the country. Foot-hill pleasures. Address: Mrs. L. M. Howard.